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# HERKY



DON'T SAY NOTHIN', HOIKEY...  
T'DAY I'M SAD! ME HEART HAS  
GOT HEADACHES... I'M THINKIN'  
TODAY OF TH' POOR OL' TOIKEY  
MAMA'S GONNA COOK FER  
THIS WEEK...



WELL, WOT  
TH'...

THIS TIME OF YEAR  
EVERYBODY'S GOT SUMPIN'  
T'BE THANKFUL FOR, BUT  
TH' TOIKEY! WOULD YOU  
BE THANKFUL IF YOU WAS  
GONNA GET TH'  
GUILLOTINE ??



JIS LOOK AT TH' LOVE AN' KIND-  
NESS THATS SHININ' OUT OF THIS  
BOY'S EYES... WHAT'S SHE  
DONE T'GIT HER COCONUT  
CHOPPED OFF FOR??



WIT TH' PILGRIM  
FATHERS IT WAS  
DIFFERENT... WILD  
TOIKEYS WAS ALL  
THEY HAD T'EAT  
IN THEM DAYS!



AN' WOTS MORE, SHE'S A  
MOTHER! HOW WOULD  
YA LIKE T'BE A LITTLE  
TOIKEY AN' SEE YER  
MOTHER ALL WHACKED  
UP ??



AN' TH' WOOST OF IT IS  
AFTER PEOPLE EAT 'EM  
ALL THEY DO IS FEEL  
STUFFY AN' LAY DOWN ON  
TH' DAVENPORT AN' GO  
TO SLEEP!



THERE OUGHTA BE  
A LAW! A GUY  
WOULDN'T HURT A  
DOG BUT HE DON'T  
MIND CHOPPIN' A  
TOIKEY'S HEAD OFF!



TH' POOR, POOR TOIKEY!  
I'D RATHER JIS HAVE  
BACON - OR ANYTHING,  
BUT TOIKEY !!



MOM, IF YOU PLAN TO  
HAVE A TURKEY  
I WON'T BE ABLE TO  
EAT ANY OF IT... MAYBE  
WE CAN HAVE CHICKEN,  
HUH?



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CRACKJACK FUNNIES, Vol. 1, No. 28, Oct., 1940. Published monthly by Whitman Publishing Co., Inc., at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Entire contents copyright, 1938, 1939 by NEA Service, Inc.; 1938 by Bell Syndicate, Inc.; 1940 by R. S. Callender; 1940 by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. 12 issues in U. S. and all its possessions and also Canada, \$1.20 per year. Elsewhere, \$2.00 per year. Single copies, 10 cents. Entered as second-class matter May 6, 1938, at the Post Office, at Poughkeepsie, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A.

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# THE ADVENTURES OF *ELLERY* *QUEEN*



EAST BOUND TO NEW YORK, THE  
"HATTEN LIMITED" CRASHES!



ESCAPING INJURY, ELLERY QUEEN, PULLS HIS DAD,  
INSPECTOR RICHARD QUEEN, FROM THE WRECK...



EL --- I WH...WHAT HAPPENED...??

I DON'T KNOW, DAD... BUT IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT!





# ELLERY QUEEN



DAD, THIS CURVE IS CALLED "SATAN'S ELBOW". TRAINS ARE SUPPOSE TO MAKE IT AT 20 MILES PER HOUR. WE WERE GOING 60.

...AND JUMP TO THE TRACK



WE'D BETTER GET UP TO THE FRONT CAR AND ENGINE. DAD, AND SEE IF WE CAN HELP!

RIGHT!



DAD, THERE'S ONE OF THE ENGINEER'S LYING ON THE GROUND.

LET'S HURRY HE'S HURT. EL!

I'M GOING IN TO GET THE OTHER ENGINEER, DAD.

CAREFUL ELLERY



DAD THIS PROVES I'M RIGHT... THE WRECK WASN'T AN ACCIDENT. THE MAN'S BEEN SHOT!

SHOT? WELL YOU CAN'T PROVE MUCH IN THIS MESS.



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOIN' UP HERE?

TRYING TO HELP



WELL... JUST KEEP AWAY FROM THAT BAGGAGE CAR. THERE'S A VALUABLE SHIPMENT OF DIAMONDS IN THERE.....

DIAMONDS? EL... MAYBE YOU ARE RIGHT... THIS WASN'T AN ACCIDENT



DID YOU LOOK? ARE THE DIAMONDS STILL HERE??

WHY DON'T YOU KNOW

# ELLYRY QUEEN

THE DIAMONDS ARE ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE IN A PORTABLE VAULT



IT...SHOULD...BE HERE...

HMMM..... INTERESTING.



THE DIAMOND VAULT IS GONE !!

WHAT?



HOW'S IT UP FRONT, JIM?

NOT SO GOOD... JAKE'S BAD WURT... CHUCK'S BEEN SHOT TO DEATH!

DAD, THE DIAMONDS ARE GONE

WHAT?

YES AND I'M HOLDIN' YOU TWO UNTIL THE COPS COME I CAUGHT YA HANGIN' AROUND THIS CAR



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US... YA KNOW WHO I AM?

I DON'T CARE YER SUSP - CIOUS CHAR - ACTERS AN' I'M HOLDIN' YA



# ELLERY QUEEN



THE SCAVENGER SUDDENLY GRABS HIS GUN LYING NEAR BY AND POINTS TOWARD ELLERY....

ELLERY WHIRLS WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED AND SHOOTS THE SCAVENGER'S GUN AWAY....

# ELLERY QUEEN

WHERE DIDJA PUT THOSE DIAMONDS... I'LL GET YOU RAT!

CUT THE ROUGH STUFF HE'S WOUNDED

IF HE WAS PICKIN' POCKETS OF HELPLESS PEOPLE, HED STEAL DIAMONDS

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION... BUT YOU MUST PROVE IT FIRST...

WE'LL BEAT TRUTH OUTA HIM, HE'LL TALK

WELL, IF THIS MAN'S GOING TO HAVE A FAIR CHANCE TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE

RIGHT? IF HE'S GUILTY THE LAW WILL PUNISH HIM

I DIDNT STEAL NO DIAMONDS... ~~NOBEST~~... I TELL YA I DIDNT....

ALL RIGHT HE'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY I'M WARNING YOU... I'M GOING UP FRONT AND HELP.....

YEAH ME TOO.. WE GOTTA HELP THE INJURED PEOPLE...

STAY NEAR BY IN CASE WE NEED YOU.....

WELL WELL, DND, LOOK WHO'S COMING... AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS...

WHAT, WHERE DID I SAY... IT'S **FINGERS NOTCH!**

IN PERSON INSPECTOR... DIAMOND THIEF EXTRAORDINARY **HA HA!**

FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT FINGERS...

YEAH ESPECIALLY SINCE A LORD OF DIAMONDS HAS BEEN STOLEN OF THIS TRAIN

**DIAMONDS STOLEN?** BUT I ASSURE YOU, I DON'T...





# ELLERY QUEEN



"FINGERS" SUDDENLY SWINGS AT THE INSPECTOR... LANDS A SOUND BLOW, SPINS ROUND AND FLEES



DAD! DON'T SHOOT YOU BUT... BUT... HE'S MAY HIT A BYSTANDER... GETTING AWAY!



WE'LL GO AFTER HIM, ELLERY AND GET THOSE DIAMONDS!

DON'T WORRY, DAD, YOU WATCH THE SCAVENGER



I'LL GET THE DIAMONDS AND THE MURDERER....



*Challenge TO THE READER..*

ELLERY QUEEN KNOWS WHO THE ENGINEER'S MURDERER IS, ALSO THE DIAMOND THIEF... **BE YOU!**

IF YOU FOLLOWED THE STORY CLOSELY, OBSERVED EACH SENTENCE AND THE DETAILS OF EACH PICTURE YOU TOO SHOULD KNOW

**WHO IS IT?**

# ELLERY QUEEN

ELLERY'S POWERFUL STRIDE QUICKLY CLOSES THE DISTANCE AS FINGER FLEES DESPERATELY.



THE MOMENTUM OF ELLERY'S TACKLE ROLLS THEM OVER THE EDGE OF THE CAR..... A DEATH DROP OF 100 FEET!



ELLERY DIVES AT HIS QUARRY ACROSS THE ABYSS BETWEEN CARS.



THE FULL FORCE OF ELLERY'S HURLING BODY BASHES AGAINST FINGERS.



FINGERS GRABS A SMALL TREE BREAKING THEIR FALL. ELLERY CLUTCHES HIS ANKLES DESPERATELY.



I SHOULD... KICK... YOU OFF, QUEEN BUT... I'LL SAVE YOU!



HOPE YOU DO... FOR YOUR SAKE... AS WELL AS MINE...

# ELLERY QUEEN



YOU SAVED MY LIFE "FINGERS" I'M GOING TO DO YOU A FAVOR WHEN WE GET UP...

WHEN WE GET UP IS RIGHT! IF THAT SMART COP FATHER OF YOURS HAS SENSE ENOUGH TO FIND US....



ALL RIGHT EL?

PERFECTLY... TAKE GOOD CARE OF "FINGERS" HE SAVED MY LIFE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE INSPECTOR DOES FIND THEM WITH THE AID OF THE BRAKEMAN AND A ROPE, HE SAVES THEM



NOW THAT YOU'RE SAFE... WHO KILLED THE ENGINEER AND STOLE THE DIAMONDS? YOU SAID YOU KNEW

FIRST LET ME ASK A QUESTION HOW MANY FLAG MEN ARE THERE

ONE WHY?



WHO AND WHERE IS THE FLAG-MAN?

RIGHT HERE ... AND HE'S IT

WHAT ARE YA DRIVIN' AT?



NOW THAT THAT'S SETTLED YOU CAN GIVE ME THE DIAMONDS "FINGERS" DON'T BE SCARED... I PROMISED I'D DO YOU A FAVOR....

DIAMONDS? ME? SO IT'S ... OH... ALL RIGHT ... HERE....

... BUT WHAT'S THIS ABOUT FLAG'S AND FLAG-MEN



WHEN YOU WERE LOOKING FOR THE PORTABLE DIAMOND VAULT, BRAKEMAN, I FOUND THIS FLAG IN THE CAR

SO WHAT?

I GET IT! HE STOLE THE GEMS AND DROPPED HIS FLAG TO CARRY THE VAULT!



RIGHT, DAD! THIS BRAKEMAN IS ALSO THE FLAGMAN... SO HE'S THE DIAMOND THIEF AND MURDERER. HE KILLED THE ENGINEER BY CRAWLING OVER THE COAL CAR AND SHOOTING ... THE NOISE OF THE TRAIN DROINED OUT THE SHOT....



WHAT A DIRTY PLAN, ENDANGERING ALL THOSE LIVES... BUT HOW DID "FINGERS" GET THE GEMS?

SIMPLE! HE SAW THE BRAKEMAN HIDE THEM IN THE BUSHES AND INVESTIGATED, BEING AN EXPERT HE CRACKED THE SAFE

HO! HO! QUEEN, YOU FLATTER ME

COPR, 1940 BY R.S. CALLENDER

# BOB AND BILL

## THE SCOUT TWINS



BOB

DRAWN  
BY  
ROBERT BUGG



BILL

AFTER ESCAPING FROM THEIR GIANT CAPTORS IN THE WORLD BENEATH THE EARTH'S CRUST WHERE EVERYTHING IS HUGE... BOB AND BILL MAKE CAMP ON THE BANK OF A WIDE RIVER...

HO-HUM! I WONDER HOW LONG WE'VE BEEN SLEEPING, BOB? THE SUN'S STILL HIGH.

THE SUN HASN'T MOVED SINCE WE REACHED THIS INNER WORLD, BILL!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BOB... THIS SUN IS DIFFERENT FROM OURS. LOTS OF THINGS HERE ARE QUEER TO US!

AND DANGEROUS TOO! LOOK AT THAT SPIDER-WEB... BIG ENOUGH TO TRAP A HORSE!



SAY, BOB!... I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WITH THIS WEB FOR ROPE, AND SOME BIG GRASS STEMS FOR LOGS, WE COULD BUILD A RAFT!

A RAFT... TO FLOAT DOWN THE RIVER! GEE, BILL... THAT'S GREAT!



THE TENT'S ALL SET UP, BILL! THEN WE CAN START AS SOON AS I'VE FITTED THIS STEERING OAR.

IN THE SPACE OF A FEW HOURS THE TWINS CONSTRUCT A STURDY RAFT.





# BOB AND BILL





WHEE-EW!...TALK ABOUT HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES—

WE'D BETTER STEER CLOSER TO THE SHORE FROM NOW ON, BILL!



A SAILING SLOOP? GEE— IF WE COULD ONLY GET ABOARD HER! SHE'S OUR SIZE, TOO! HOW DID SHE GET HERE?



IT'S A KID'S TOY BOAT!

AND THERE'S THE GIANT'S KID COMING AFTER IT!



COME ON, BOB!— THIS IS OUR CHANCE BEFORE THE WIND CARRIES IT INSHORE!

BUT BILL— IF THAT GIANT KID CATCHES US—



WA-A-AH! I WANT MY SAIL BOAT!

LET HER RUN, BOB! THERE'S A SQUALL COMING UP!



SOMEHOW IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT TO TAKE THAT KID'S BOAT, EVEN IF HE IS A GIANT.

I KNOW, BOB, BUT IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH TO US, RIGHT NOW. LATER, WE'LL TRY TO RETURN IT.

# BOB AND BILL

FORGETTING TO WATCH THE SHORE, THE TWINS FIND THEMSELVES ADRIFT ON A BOUNDLESS SEA.

GEE, BILL, WE'RE OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND — AND MY COMPASS WON'T WORK IN THIS WORLD.

WE CAN'T STEER NOW ANYWAY. THE WIND HAS DIED OUT!



I'M SO THIRSTY MY TONGUE FEELS LIKE A ROLL OF COTTON!

MINE TOO! IF WE DON'T GET SOME RAIN OR A WIND TO SAIL ASHORE, WE'LL SHRIVEL UP LIKE A COUPLE OF DRIED PRUNES.



A CLOUD! SEE, BILL — IT'S COMING UP FAST!

HURRAY! THERE'S OUR WIND — AND RAIN, TOO!



HOLD HER BOB! THIS WHEEL'S KICKING LIKE A WILD HORSE!



IN THE STORM'S MURK A ROCKY SHORE LOOMS SUDDENLY AHEAD OF THE SLOOP.

**BREAKERS AHEAD!**



BEFORE BILL CAN SHEER OFF, THE SLOOP STRIKES.



# BOB AND BILL



TAKE IT EASY BOB,  
I'LL GET YOU ASHORE!

I SWAL-GLUB-  
SWALLOWED TOO  
MUCH SALT WATER!



THE STORM'S PASSING BOB!  
SEE — THE SUN!

WERE ON LAND  
AGAIN... THAT'S  
ALL I WANT TO KNOW!

AN HOUR'S HIKE BACK FROM THE SEACOAST LEAVES THE  
TWIN'S WARM AND HUNGRY.



HERE'S A GOOD PLACE TO  
CAMP BOB... IF WE ONLY  
HAD FOOD.



SCREECH! — SCREECH! —  
SCREE-EE-EE-EECH!

WHAT IN THE WORLD...?

SOUNDS LIKE SOME  
THING IN PAIN!



IT'S A GIANT CRICKET! AND SEE — IT MAKES THAT NOISE  
BY RUBBING ONE WING OVER THE OTHER.

IT'S AN UGLY MONSTER...  
BUT SAY I'LL BET ONE OF THOSE  
BIG LEGS WOULD TASTE  
GOOD ROASTED!



DRIVEN BY HUNGER, THE SCOUT TWINS KILL THE  
CRICKET AND BROIL SOME OF ITS MEAT.

IT SMELLS LIKE ROAST TURKEY!



# BOB AND BILL

ROAST CRICKET HAS TURKEY BEATEN BY A MILE.

YOU SAID IT! MAYBE FOR OUR NEXT MEAL WE'LL FIND A BIG BALONEY SAUSAGE... ON THE HOOF, SO TO SPEAK!



LOOK OUT BILL! BEHIND YOU!

A-A-AWK!



TEE-HEE! THERE'S YOUR "BALONEY ON THE HOOF" — IT'S AN ANGLEWORM!

BOY! IT CERTAINLY GAVE ME A SHOCK! — MAYBE IT CAME FROM A GIANTS GARDEN.



IF THERE'S A GIANT'S HOUSE ANYWHERE NEAR US I WANT TO KNOW IT.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THIS HILL.



THERE'S THE HOUSE, BOB!

SAY... ISN'T THAT A DOG COMING THIS WAY?



IT IS A DOG, BILL — AND HE'S AFTER US!

IF HE GETS TOO CLOSE — JUMP ON HIS BACK!



HELPED BY THE LESSER GRAVITY OF THE INNER WORLD, THE TWINS' LEAP CARRIES THEM HIGH IN THE AIR.



# BOB AND BILL



# BOB AND BILL

OO-OH! THEY'RE ALIVE!  
WHAT ARE THEY GRAN'DA?



THEY'RE TINY HUMAN BEINGS! WE'LL PUT THEM IN THE  
LIVING ROOM WHERE THEY'LL BE SAFE FROM THE DOG



LEFT ALONE ON THE LIVING ROOM TABLE, BOB AND BILL  
EXAMINE THEIR SURROUNDINGS



LOOK AT THAT RADIO BOB!... THESE  
GIANTS MUST BE PRETTY  
CIVILIZED!



GIVE IT ANOTHER TURN, BOB...  
I'M ON A STATION!



SAY, BILL... THAT RADIO GIVES ME AN IDEA!  
IF WE COULD GET STUFF TOGETHER AND BUILD  
A SENDING SET...



BOB, THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA!  
WITH A SENDING RADIO WE COULD  
GET IN TOUCH WITH OUR OWN  
WORLD...  
AND MAYBE FIND A  
WAY TO GET BACK  
HOME!



WILL BOB AND BILL BE  
ABLE  
TO COMMUNICATE  
WITH  
THEIR FRIENDS?  
READ THEIR FURTHER  
ADVENTURES  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE  
OF  
**CRACKAJACK  
FUNNIES.**

# Don Winslow

OF THE  
NAVY

by F.V. MARTINEK

## SYNOPSIS

DON WINSLOW IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE NOTORIOUS INTERNATIONAL SPY DOCTOR THOR, IN AN OLD WINDJAMMER, DON AND RED HOPE TO CAPTURE THE SPY'S WELL-ARMED YACHT.



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THESE WILL BE YOUR QUARTERS, DUCHESS...

MY QUAR—  
OH, NO!!



IF YOU'LL DO YOUR PART THOR WILL DROP INTO OUR LAPS LIKE A FALLING LEAF



I'M BACKING OUT! I DON'T LIKE THIS CRAZY SHIP, WINSLOW!!

??



I'LL SHOW YOU ON THE MAP HOW TO REACH DOCTOR THOR'S ISLAND SPY-BASE... BUT THAT'S MY LIMIT

YEAH?



WHAT'S THAT NOISE UP ON DECK? A WHISTLE—AND ROPES RATTLING...



WHY! WE'RE MOVING!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS! PUT ME ASHORE!!



WINSLOW, YOU TRICKED ME, YOU—!!

PIPE DOWN! YOU LITTLE SPY... YOU MADE A BARGAIN AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP IT!



WE DON'T STOP NOW 'TIL WE'RE AT GRIPS WITH THE MASTER SPY WHO'S BEEN SELLING AMERICA'S NAVAL SECRETS TO THE WORLD... IT'S SINK OR SWIM WITH US, DUCHESS... SO WATCH YOUR STEP!

# DON WINSLOW

YOU'RE A SMART WOMAN, DUCHESS---I'VE A HUNCH YOU'LL SEE THIS SPY BUSINESS OUR WAY, BEFORE LONG...



AMERICA WANTS PEACE!---HER DEFENSE SECRETS MUST BE KEPT FROM THE HANDS OF WAR-MAD NATIONS..... THAT'S WHY WE MUST GO ALL THE WAY TO SMASH A SUPER-SPY LIKE DOCTOR THOR...



WHAT'S THE DOPE, RED?

THE BAROMETER'S FALLING, SKIPPER-- LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WEATHER AHEAD...



HM...GIVE ORDERS TO SHORTEN SAIL--



IT DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD, DON!

WHY, RED, THIS IS REALLY A LUCKY BREAK!



NOW WE CAN PRETEND THE STORM DROVE US INTO PORT AT DOCTOR THOR'S ISLAND BASE!



BUT BACK AT THE OFFICE OF THE U. S. NAVAL COMMANDANT AT SAN DIEGO--

A HURRICANE'S REPORTED SWEEPING UP THE MEXICAN COAST! WARN WINSLOW TO TURN BACK!

BUT WE CAN'T, ADMIRAL!



THAT OLD WINDJAMMER CARRIES NO RADIO!



# DON WINSLOW

YES, SIR...IT WAS PART OF THE PLOT FOR WINSLOW TO CARRY NO RADIO ON THAT ANCIENT WINDJAMMER!



**GAD!** I REMEMBER NOW-- WE DECIDED WIRELESS ANTENNAE MIGHT SPOIL THE ILLUSION...ROUSE THOR'S SUSPICIONS--

**AND NOW WE CAN'T WARN HIM HE'S HEADING INTO A HURRICANE!**



QUICK, LIEUTENANT! ESTIMATE HIS POSITION AT THIS MOMENT---

I MAKE IT ABOUT 26 DEGREES 15 MINUTES NORTH LATITUDE... 116 DEGREES AND 10 WEST....



THERE'S JUST ONE POSSIBLE MOVE-- SEND A COUPLE OF DESTROYERS AT TOP SPEED TO WINSLOW'S RESCUE!

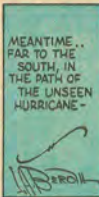


THOR'S CAPTURE MEANS NOTHING NOW! WINSLOW'S SHIP MUST BE REACHED BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



MEANTIME... FAR TO THE SOUTH, IN THE PATH OF THE UNSEEN HURRICANE--



THE BAROMETER! GREAT GUNS, SKIPPER-- IT'S GONE HAYWIRE!



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Drama Wars Mag. 9, 8, Pgs. 17-20

WHEW! I NEVER SAW IT THIS LOW!



THERE'S A BLAST COMING!! WE'LL STRIP SHIP TO THE BARE POLES AND HEAD INTO IT WITH OUR MOTOR...ALL HANDS ON DECK!



# PETE AND HIS PAL PUDGIE

by WIN SMITH

AFTER STOPPING AROUND AN ADMIRAL BUCK'S SUPPLY SHIP WHICH WAS BOUND FOR THE SOUTH POLE, PETE AND PUDGIE BECAME VERY HUNGRY. WHERE BY PETE SLIPPED INTO THE SHIP'S GALLEY DURING THE COOK'S ABSENCE AND PROCEEDED TO HELP HIMSELF. THEY WERE BOTH DISCOVERED LATER, BUT MANAGED TO ESCAPE THE COOK'S WRATH BY HIDING IN A LIFE BOAT.

GEE, BUT I'M DIZZY! - IF THAT COOK HAD MADE ME STAY HERE ANOTHER MINUTE, I'D BE SICK!

IF HE HAD FORCED ME TO STAY ANOTHER SECOND, I'D HAVE HIT HIM ON THE HEAD WITH AN OAR! - COME ON! - LET'S GET BACK TO OUR HIDEOUT!



I'VE GOT TO LAY DOWN, PETE! - I'M REALLY SEASICK! - EVERYTHING IS GOING AROUND IN CIRCLES!

WHY YOU COULDN'T BE SEASICK! - IT MUST BE THOSE EGGS I SCIPPED FROM THE COOK! - YOU LAY DOWN AN' I'LL GO AFT TO THE GALLEY AN' HUSTLE UP A DOSE OF SODA FOR YOU!



COME TO THINK OF IT, I AIN'T ON VERY GOOD TERMS WITH THE COOK, BUT I'LL GET THAT SODA, BY FAIR MEANS OR FOUL! - I CAN'T HAVE PUDGIE SICK! - IT WOULD SPOIL HIS WHOLE TRIP!



WELL, THIS MUST BE MY LUCKY DAY! THERE GOES THE COOK NOW, WITH SOMEBODY'S BREAKFAST! - SO I'LL JUST HELP MYSELF WHILE HE'S GONE. AN' SAVE AN ARGUMENT!



TAKE THIS TRAY DOWN TO THE CHIEF ENGINEER, AN' DON'T STOP ON THE WAY TO SAMPLE ANY OF IT!



IF THE COOK SEES ME WITH THIS WAT AN' APRON ON, HE WONT RECOGNIZE ME, AN' I'LL TELL HIM I SHIPPED ON AS HIS HELPER!



HOT DOG! - I GUESS I'LL TAKE AN ARMFUL OF THESE CANNED GOODS ALONG, PUDGIE, AN' ME CAN USE THEM LATER ON!



SS! - YOU'RE BACK AGAIN! AND THIS TIME I'VE CAUGHT YOU RED HANDED!



NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I LOOSE MY TEMPER!







DOGGONE THAT BIG CLOUT! HE PENETRATED MY DISGUISE!

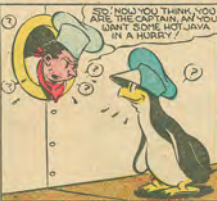
MY GOSH! - I'VE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHIN ELSE QUICK! - IF I DON'T GET THAT SODA, POOR PUDGIE WILL BE ALL TIED UP IN A KNOT WITH CRAMPS!



AH! - HERE'S JUST WHAT I WANT! - AN OFFICER'S CAP! - THIS WILL GIVE ME SOME AUTHORITY, I'M GOIN' TO MAKE THAT COOK TAKE ORDERS FROM ME!

IF THIS IS HIS SPEAKIN TUBE, I'LL GET HIM OUT OF THAT GALLEY IN A HURRY! - THEN THE REST WILL BE EASY!

HEY, GREASE POT! - THIS IS THE CAPTAIN SPEAKIN! - BRING ME A POT OF HOT JAVA, AN MAKE IT SNAPPY!



WELL! I'LL BE DOGGONED! HE'S BACK AGAIN!

SO! NOW YOU THINK YOU ARE THE CAPTAIN, AN YOU WANT SOME HOT JAVA IN A HURRY!

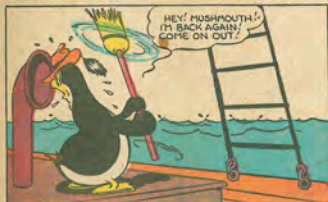
TAKE THAT! YOU MOCK DUCK!



IF YOU COME BACK ONCE MORE, I'LL THROW YOU OVERBOARD!

NOW I AM GETTIN MAD! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME HE PENETRATED MY DISGUISE!

# PETE AND PUDGIE



# PETE AND PUDGIE



# Gabby Scoops

by Bill Treadwell

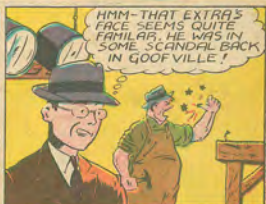


**-SYNOPSIS-**  
 GABBY SCOOPS IS NOW IN HOLLYWOOD WHERE THE MONOMOVIE PRODUCTIONS INC. IS ABOUT TO MAKE A PICTURE OF HIS LATEST SENSATIONAL SCOOP!

COPR. 1940, BY R. S. CALLENDER



GABBY LATER JOINS THE DIRECTOR, MR. BOZWIK THEY THEN GO TO THE SET WHERE THE PICTURE IS TO BE FILMED!







AH! THAT'S GOT IT! THANKS PAL!

LOOK THIS WAY, WILL YOU?

SOUND STAGE No. 2



WHY SURE, FELLOWS-HEY! WHAT TH--!!



A BULLET HOLE! BOYS DO ME A FAVOR, KEEP THIS OUT OF YOUR PAPERS, WILL YOU?

SKIP IT, GABBY. WE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT IT!



I'LL SEE YOU LATER, BOYS. I HAVE TO GET DRESSED FOR A PARTY. SO LONG.

OKAY, GABBY- BE SEEN' YA!



HMM--WHAT'S RUSTLING ON THIS JACKET?



GABBY SCOOPS-  
LEAVE TOWN OR  
YOU WILL  
DROWN!



THIS SEEMS TO TIE UP WITH THE SHOT FIRED AT ME! I'LL TEND TO THIS LATER, NOW FOR THE PARTY!



WELCOME TO MY PARTY, GABBY. I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME!

WHY-WHY, YOU'RE JOYCE JILREN-MONOMOVIES BIG STAR!

DUE TO THE WARM EVENING, THE PARTY MOVES OUT TO THE SPACIOUS LAWN NEARBY IS A LARGE BEAUTIFUL SWIMMING POOL!





??

HELP! GASP- GIVE ME A HAND- QUICK- GASP- THERE'S A MAN DOWN THERE- GASP!



SAY- WHO IS THAT GUY THEY JUST FISHED OUT OF THE POOL?

MAC. I CAN'T TELL YOU- BUT YOU READ THE PAPER'S TOMORROW!



YOU'RE CHARGED WITH TWO ATTEMPTS OF MURDER. "CUTTER M" SWIZZEL AN' YOU WON'T GET OUT OF THIS RAP! LOCK HIM UP, BOYS!

C'MON- CHUMP!

I AINT TALKIN'-SEE?



YOU SURE HELPED US, GABBY IN ROUNDING UP THAT THUG- YOU BROUGHT HIM OUT IN THE OPEN!

JUST PLAIN LUCK, SARGE- BUT I CAN SLEEP IN PEACE NOW!

THE NEWSPAPERS SOON COME OUT WITH THE NEWS OF THE CAPTURE OF THE KILLER. THE STUDIO IS BUZZING WITH EXCITEMENT AS GABBY ENTERS.



BOY OH BOY! LOOK AT THIS, GABBY M'BOY-! WOW! WHAT PUBLICITY!



OH GABBY- YOU WERE WONDERFUL TO SUBDUE THAT THUG!

MISS JILREN- IT WAS EITHER HIM OR ME!



-AND GABBY I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT HAVING YOU IN MY NEXT PICTURE- PLAYING OPPOSITE ME!



BOY! I'M REALLY BEGINNING TO LIKE HOLLYWOOD!

WATCH FOR THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF  
**GABBY SCOOPS**  
IN THE NEXT  
*Crackjack Furnies*



THE SHIPWRECKED CRUSOE FAMILY, COMFORTABLY INSTALLED IN THEIR TREE HOME, FIND THE ADDITION OF ANDY, AS COOK, A BLESSING...







THEY TELL JOHN CRUSOE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT AND IN A LITTLE WHILE...



# THE CRUSOES

FEARFULLY THEY CALL  
OUT PETER'S NAME





# THE CRUSOES

THE STREAMS WIDENING, DAD...  
WE MUST BE NEARING  
THE RIVER!



THE  
RIVER!

HOORAY!

I KNEW  
WE'D GET  
THROUGH!



BUT THEIR TROUBLES  
ARE NOT YET OVER!  
THE LEDGE ABRUPTLY  
ENDS AND THERE  
THEY ARE...  
NO USE TURNING  
BACK AND THEY  
CAN'T GO FORWARD!

LOOK, DAD...  
DRIFTWOOD!  
WE CAN  
BUILD A  
RAFT!

SWELL, PAUL! I'LL POPE THE  
LOGS AS THEY DRIFT BY!



A FEW  
MORE LIKE  
THESE AND  
WE'LL BE  
SET!



HERE, PAUL... THE  
FRONT END  
LOOKS WEAK...  
USE THIS.



# THE CRUSOES

HEY DAD, THOSE TWO THIN LOGS OVER THERE! WE CAN USE THEM FOR OARS!



HOPE THE RAFT HOLDS UP!

DADDY, LOOK!



A CHILLING SIGHT GREET'S THEIR EYES!



WOW!

KEEP COOL, KIDS!



DON'T SHOOT WILD PULL! WE CAN'T WASTE ANY CARTRIDGES! ONCE OUR GUNS ARE EMPTY...



I GOT THE BIG GUY... THE LEADER!



# THE CRUSOES

IN ITS DEATH THROWS, THE LEADER LASHES ABOUT IN AGONY.



HIS COMPANIONS AT ONCE TURN TO DEVOUR HIM!





GEE... THAT WAS CLOSE!

THE OAR... IT SLIPPED OFF!



WHAT A FIX!

THE CURRENT'S GETTING STRONGER! WE'RE ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS, NOW!



NO WE'RE NOT! ANDY! ANDY!

SEEING THEIR GRAVE DANGER ANDY WORKS FEVERISHLY, TYING ONE END OF HIS ROPE AROUND A HUGE BOULDER, WITH THE OTHER END AROUND HIS WAIST HE PLUNGES INTO THE RAGING CURRENT.



YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, ANDY!

SHUCKS BOSS, AH'S GLAD AH COULD HELP!



THAT LANDSLIDE SHO' HAD US WORRIED! MIZ 'CRUSOE AN' I WENT LOOKIN' FO' YO

WOM!

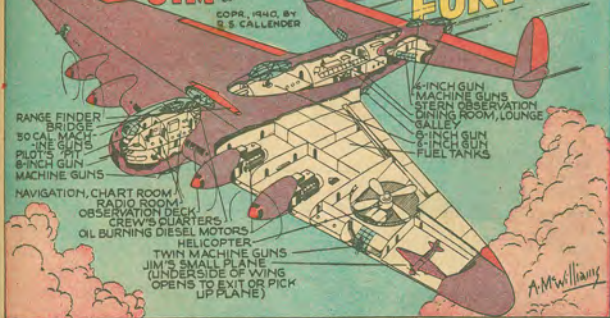


THERE'S THE PART! AND WED BE THERE... IF IT WEREN'T FOR ANDY!

DON'T FAIL TO READ THE FURTHER EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE CRUSOE FAMILY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRACKAJACK FUNNIES

# STRATOSPHERE JIM and his FLYING FORTRESS

©PR., 1940, BY  
R. S. CALLENDER



RANGE FINDER  
BRIDGE  
50 CAL. MACHINE GUNS  
PILOTS' PIT  
8-INCH GUN  
MACHINE GUNS

NAVIGATION, CHART ROOM  
RADIO ROOM  
OBSERVATION DECK  
CREW'S QUARTERS  
OIL BURNING DIESEL MOTORS

HELICOPTER  
TWIN MACHINE GUNS  
JIM'S SMALL PLANE  
(UNDERSIDE OF WING  
OPENS TO EXIT OR PICK  
UP PLANE)

4-INCH GUN  
MACHINE GUNS  
STERN OBSERVATION  
DINING ROOM, LOUNGE  
GALLEY  
8-INCH GUN  
2-INCH GUN  
FUEL TANKS

A.M. Williams



WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO  
LAND FOR  
REPAIRS.  
HARRY



I WANT TO ADD ON AN OBSERVATION  
WALK ON THE SHIP—WE NEED IT  
FOR BETTER VISIBILITY WHEN  
LANDING FOR ONE THING ---

WE HAVE  
ENOUGH  
MATERIAL  
ABOARD  
TO DO  
IT,  
JIM



PICKING OUT AN APPARENTLY  
DESERTED AREA, JIM SETS  
HIS SKY GIANT DOWN—USING  
THE POWERFUL HELICOPTERS





# THE FLYING FORTRESS

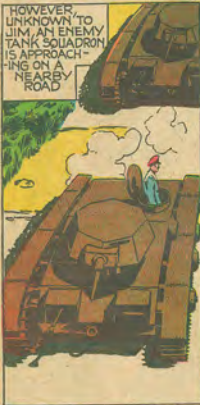
ONCE WE GET AT IT,  
THE JOB WON'T TAKE  
TOO LONG

I'LL HELP KEEP  
WATCH UP TOP,  
JIM



UNDER SKILLED  
HANDS, THE  
WORK PROGRESS-  
ES SWIFTLY

HOWEVER,  
UNKNOWN TO  
JIM, AN ENEMY  
TANK SQUADRON  
IS APPROACH-  
ING ON A  
NEARBY  
ROAD



WHY WE'VE BEEN  
TRANSFERRED TO THIS  
QUIET SECTOR IS BEYOND  
ME... HEY, WHAT'S  
THAT? -- A GIANT  
PLANE



THE TANK COMMANDER  
SIGNALS THE TANKS  
BEHIND... "DEPLOY INTO  
ATTACK FORMATION"



HEY, JIM-TANKS!



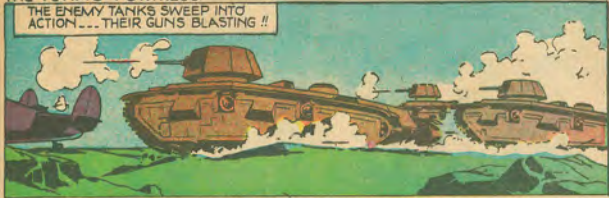
OH-OH-GET TO BATTLE STATIONS,  
BOYS-WE'LL TAKE OFF AND SCRAM  
OUT OF HERE



OKAY,  
JIM

# THE FLYING FORTRESS

THE ENEMY TANKS SWEEP INTO ACTION... THEIR GUNS BLASTING !!



ONE OF THE FIRST SHELLS EXPLODE BESIDE THE HUGE SUCTION CLIP LANDING GEAR OF THE SKY GIANT--



HEY, JIM--WHAT'S WRONG?--WE GOTTA TAKE OFF



THAT EXPLOSION HAS JAMMED OUR LANDING GEAR AIR TUBE ! WE CAN'T TAKE OFF BECAUSE I CAN'T FORCE AIR INTO THE CUPS TO BREAK THE SUCTION !

START SHOOTIN' BOYS!! JIM CAN'T GET US OFF THE GROUND--WE GOTTA FIGHT 'EM OFF--!

RIGHT YOU ARE, HARRY



THEY DEMOLISH ONE TANK!



--THEN A SECOND TANK IS WRECKED



ACH--THEY HAVE BIG GUNS ON THAT PLANE

QUICK! WE MUST GET IN CLOSER!



# THE FLYING FORTRESS

A TANK SHELL HITS NEAR THE EDGE OF THE UPPER GUN TURRET ABOARD THE FLYING FORTRESS—SHRAPNEL SPRAYS ABOUT LIKE HAIL



WITH HALF THE GUN CREW DEAD OR INJURED, JIM LEAPS IN TO HELP OUT



THE LEADER'S TANK RUNS INTO A TORNADO OF SHELLING AS THE PLANE'S GUNS CONCENTRATE THEIR FIRE



THE LEADING TANK ALMOST BREAKS THRU---THEN AN 8-INCH SHELL CATCHES IT SQUARELY ON THE NOSE, STOPPING IT AMID A PILE OF WRECKAGE



THEY'RE TURNING BACK, BOYS WE'VE LICKED 'EM



IT COST US ONE MAN THOUGH--- AND TWO MORE WOUNDED--!!



I'VE GOT THE BOYS AT WORK ON THE OBSERVATION RAMP AGAIN, JIM--WE CAN FINISH IT WHILE FLYING



BE SURE TO READ STRATOSPHERE JIM IN YOUR NEXT ISSUE  
—  
ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE  
!

# RED RYDER

## SYNOPSIS...

RED RIDER IS IN MEXICO ON THE TRAIL OF YAQUI JOE, THE KILLER. TO IMPRESS THE BANDIT, RED ROBS A STAGE COACH. HIS PLAN SUCCEEDS AND YAQUI JOE SENDS FOR HIM. IN THE MEANTIME LITTLE BEAVER IS TO RETURN THE STAGE-COACH GOLD.

COPR. BY NEA SERVICE, INC.





# RED RYDER



RED RYDER'S RUSE OF POSING AS AN OUTLAW HAS ATTRACTED YAQUI JOE'S ATTENTION, AND AT THE KILLER BANDIT'S REQUEST, RED ENTERS THE SECRET HACIENDA





RED RYDER



THIS IS A DANGEROUS GAME, BUT I'LL DRAW A MAP OF YAQUI'S FORTIFIED HILLSIPS, AND ---



LITTLE BEAVER--- TAKE THIS MAP TO CAPTAIN MENDEZ. / WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIS SOLDIERS FROM COMPLETE SLAUGHTER!

YOU BETCHUM, RED RYDER!

CAUTIOUSLY EYEING THE DOZING GUARD, LITTLE BEAVER CRAWLS TOWARDS HIS HORSE



HALT---OR I KEEL WEEH NEXT BULLET! NOW GEEVE PEDRO THAT MAP I SEE YOUR RED-HAIRED GRINGO FRIEND GEEVE YOU!



A SHOT--- BY TH' CORRAL IF THEY'VE CAUGHT LITTLE BEAVER---



YAQUI! THEES MAP PROVE GRINGOS EES NOT BANDIT, BUT FAMOUS RED RYDER!

SO! YOU DRAW PREETY PICTURES FOR CAPTAIN MENDEZ OF HOW WE IS AN CAPTURE GOLD PACK TRAIN? NOW, DOUBLE-CROSSER--- THE FIRING SQUAD!



CAPTAIN MENDEZ SENDS ALL HIS ONE HUNDRED SOLDIERS TO PROTECT A GOLD SHIPMENT, UNWARE OF YAQUI JOE'S TRAP TO SLAUGHTER THEM AFTER RED RYDER AND LITTLE BEAVER FACE THE FIRING SQUAD.



EET EES MY DUTY, BUT EEF RED RYDER CALLS FOR MY HELP--- THEN I HAVE NO SOLDIERS TO ASSIST HEEH!



AT THE SAME TIME, RAQUEL, REDDY'S DANCE HALL FRIEND, WORRIED OVER HIS ABSENCE, RIDES TOWARD YAQUI'S CAMP.



NO, LITTLE BEAVER! IT ISN'T YOUR FAULT YOU DIDNT GET MY WARNING TO CAPTAIN MENDEZ!



NO-- DOUBLE-CROSSING GRINGO-- YOU WEEEL SUFFER MORE 'D DIE WITHOUT BLINDFOLD!



UNLIKE MOST FIRING SQUADS, EVERY GUN HAS BULLETS--THESE EES NO BLANKS!

# RED RYDER

I NO TRUST JEALOUS PEDRO! MAYBE HE GET YAQUI JOE TO KEEL MY RED-HAIRED GRINGO!



OH--OH!! EET EES GRINGO--AND THEY KEEL HEEM!



NOW YOU SHALL BORN DIE / THAT YAQUI, WEEL ROB GOVERNMENT GOLD PACK TRAIN UNMOLESTED!



READY---  
--AIM---



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READY---  
--AIM---



BUT SUDDENLY A WHINING BULLET STRIKES YAQUI'S RAINED SWORD AND PANIC SPREADS THROUGH THE FRING SQUAD.

YAQUI JOE? ORDER RELEASE OF GRINGO AND PARPOSE OR I KEEL YOU--PRONTO!



OBEY THE SENORITA'S ORDERS! RELEASE PRISONERS!



NICE GOW!, RAQUEL! KEEP YAQUI JOE COVERED TILL I GET HIS GUNS!



YOU HAVE ME, BUT YOU NOT SO SMART! PEDRO AND MY BANDITS ALREADY IN AMBUSH FOR GOLD TRAIN AND CAPTAIN MENDEZ' SOLDIERS!



THANKS FOR TELLIN' US, YAQUI! YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US!



AND ONE FALSE MOVE FROM YOU HOMBRES AND YAQUI DIE!







BUT AS NIGHT COMES, LITTLE BEAVER AND RAQUEL, EXHAUSTED, FALL ASLEEP WHILE YAGUI EDGES HIS WAY INTO THE DARKNESS.



LITTLE BEAVER AND RAQUEL FALL ASLEEP GUARDING THEIR CAPTIVE, YAGUI JOE, WHILE WAITING FOR RED RYDER TO RETURN AFTER SENDING A TELEGRAPH REQUEST FOR CAPTAIN MENDEZ.



CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

# WASH TUBBS

BY ROY CRANE

WASH HAS ARRANGED AN OPERATION FOR THE CRIPPLED VIRGINIA GREY. IN THE MEANTIME, EASY, A VICTIM OF AMNESIA, IS DISCHARGED FROM A HOSPITAL FAR AWAY....









WASH TUBBS

LISTEN, IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO SIT HERE ALL NIGHT WHILE YOU DANCE WITH THAT BABY-FACED BRAT, YOU'RE CRAZY!

BUT, SUGAR, PLEASE SHE'S THE LITTLE CRIPPLED GIRL I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.



CRIPPLED? CRIPPLED?

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO HAND ME? GET YOUR HAT! WE'RE LEAVING!



YOU'LL DO AS I SAY, WEBBIE NEWHOPE, OR YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER DATE WITH ME!

THAT'S FINE! SLENDOR! VIRGINIA, ARE YOU DATED UP THE REST OF THE WEEK?

WHY... WHY, MR. WEBBIE.



THERE! ALL SHE NEEDED WAS A BREAK.

NOW IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR HER MOTHER TO GET A BREAK. SHE'S BEEN WORRYIN' A LOT ABOUT BILL'S LATELY.



Dear Mrs Gray:  
I sadly before your husband died I borrowed \$200 from him which I never paid back. It's been on my conscience ever since. I hope you will accept it.  
a friend.

I BIN SO INTERESTED IN DOIN' THINGS FOR OTHER PEOPLE, GEE, I ALMOST FORGOT MYSELF. BEFORE CAROL LEFT, I SWORE I'D DO SOMETHING TO MAKE HER PROUD OF ME. OH, WHAT A FLOP IVE BIN! NOT EVEN A JOB!



**Whoo!** IT'S A WIRE FROM CAROL — SHE'S COMIN' HOME!



HER OLD MAN TOOK HER TO EUROPE TO FORGET ME.



BUT TH' WIRE'S SIGNED, WITH LOVE!

WHOOPEE! HAPPY DAY!! SHE DIDNT FORGET.



HEY, YOU GUYS WITH ROSES AND ORCHIDS GET IN LINE! HOW'S MY TIE? NOT'S WRONG WITH TH' TRAIN? HOLY SMOKE! WHY TH' HECK DOESNT TH' TRAIN COME?

MAYBE BECAUSE IT AINT DUE FOR ANOTHER 15 MINUTES, BUD.





BE SURE TO READ  
**WASH TUBBS**  
 IN THE NEXT ISSUE



by  
Frank  
Thomas-

ANOTHER NIGHT'S  
WORK FINISHED  
AND SAFELY  
HOME AGAIN!



**D**ETECTIVE BY DAY—  
THE Owl BY NIGHT, IS  
PLAYED BY NICK TERRY!  
-VARIOUS CONNECTIVE  
HAPPENINGS HAVE LED  
BELLE WAYNE, TERRY'S  
NEWSPAPER REPORTING  
FIANCEE, AS WELL AS  
POLICE HEADQUARTERS,  
TO SUSPECT HIS DUAL-  
PERSONALITY, BUT  
PROOF HAS BEEN IM-  
POSSIBLE TO OBTAIN!

CCPR, 1940 BY R.S. CALLENDER



METHINKS IT'S TIME THE  
OWL RETIRED FOR THE  
NIGHT! - H-SSST! - SOME  
ONE AT THE DOOR - AT  
THIS HOUR! - WHO CAN  
IT BE?!



TERRY-TERRY!!  
-NICK TERRY!  
-WAKE UP!



WHY - IT'S BELLE!!

TERRY!

WHERE'S THAT  
LIGHT SWITCH!!



EEE-EE-EE!

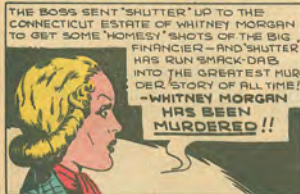


APRIL FOOL!

SO!-YOU ARE THE OWL!!  
-NICK TERRY. FOR THIS,  
I SHOULD NEVER SPEAK  
TO YOU AGAIN!!-BUT  
I WILL!!



TERRY!-I NEED YOUR HELP TONIGHT!!!  
-I'VE JUST RECEIVED A 'PHONE CALL  
FROM CONNECTICUT!-IT WAS FROM  
'SHUTTER' O'NEIL, OUR ACE  
PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER!!



THE BOSS SENT 'SHUTTER' UP TO THE  
CONNECTICUT ESTATE OF WHITNEY MORGAN  
TO GET SOME 'HOMESY' SHOTS OF THE BIG  
FINANCIER-AND 'SHUTTER'  
HAS RUN SMACK-DAB  
INTO THE GREATEST MUR  
DER STORY OF ALL TIME!  
-WHITNEY MORGAN  
HAS BEEN  
MURDERED !!



'SHUTTER' NOTIFIED ME  
BEFORE ANYONE ELSE,  
SO I CAN SCOOP THE  
WHOLE WORKS! I HAVE  
A FAST BOAT  
WAITING FOR  
US, AND -

FORGET THE BOAT!  
-WE'LL TAKE MY  
'PLANE!



AIRPLANE?  
SURE!-HAVE YOU FOR  
GOTTEN THE OWL HAD  
HIS OWN AIRSHIP?  
-LET'S GO!

ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FAIR  
PASSENGER  
THE OWL  
TAKES OFF  
FROM HIS  
PENTHOUSE  
HANGAR!



WE SHOULD  
BE AT MORGAN'S  
BEFORE DAY-  
LIGHT!!



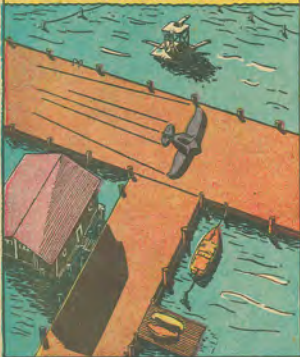
WE'LL FOLLOW  
THE COASTLINE!



CIRCLE LOWER, TERRY!  
-I THINK-YES!-THIS IS  
IT!-THERE'S MORGAN'S  
BOATHOUSE!



THE OWL MANEUVERS A PERFECT SPOT LANDING ON THE PRIVATE PIER, NARROWLY MISSING THE PILING ON EITHER SIDE!!



MORGAN'S HOUSE MUST BE UP BEHIND THOSE WILLOW TREES!!

TERRY!-LOOK!!  
-BESIDE THE BOAT-HOUSE!!-IT'S A MAN!!



HE'S DEAD!-IT'S ANOTHER MUR-  
-IT'S 'SHUTTER' O'NEIL!!  
-THEY KILLED HIM TOO!

HIS THROAT IS SLIT!-  
-THEY DID A MESSY JOB OF IT!



-STEADY, BELLE-I KNOW HE WAS A GOOD FRIEND!-YOU STAY HERE AND PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!  
-I'M GOING ON UP TO THE HOUSE!

O-O'KAY TERRY!



I MUST GET THESE DEVELOPED!  
-I'LL LEAVE TERRY A NOTE, AND TAKE MORGAN'S BOAT TO THE NEAREST TOWN!

FINDING MORGAN'S POWER BOAT TO BE FULL OF FUEL, BELLE SOON CASTS OFF!



'SHUTTER'S' CAMERA'-POOR FELLOW, HE'LL NEVER SNAP ANOTH- WHY, IT'S LOADED, AND-AND 'SHUTTER' USED IT BEFORE THEY GOT HIM!!!



THESE PICTURE'S MAY SOLVE THE WHOLE AFFAIR!!- 'SHUTTER'S' MURDERERS MUST HAVE BEEN IN A BIG HURRY TO HAVE LEFT THE CAMERA BEHIND!!



MEANWHILE THE OWL CREEPS STEALTHILY TOWARD MORGAN'S SUMMER MANSION!



REACH FOR A CLOUD!

THE OWL STRIKES SWIFTLY!



ONLY CARELESS MEN FLASH GUNS ON THE OWL, MY FRIEND!!



-MY CARD-IN CASE YOUR PAL'S WISH TO CALL ON ME!!

THE ENTIRE GROUND IS PROBABLY POSTED WITH SUCH HOODLUMS! -MUST MOVE QUIETLY!



THE HOUSE SEEMS DESERTED - BUT WE'LL MAKE SURE!!



AH! -IT'S WHITNEY MORGAN ALL RIGHT! -SHOT THROUGH THE HEART - BUT WHO - HSS-ST! - I HEAR VOICES!



THE OWL HEARS RIGHTLY! - IN ANOTHER ROOM NOT FAR FROM THE MURDER CHAMBER!

YOU STUPID IDIOT! - I TOLD YOU TO JUST TREAT THE OLD MAN ROUGH! - NOT TO BUMP HIM OFF! - NOW WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? - HE'S NO GOOD TO US DEAD!



HE CAN'T HELP IT, BOSS! - HIS GUN HAND GETS TO ITCHIN' AN' HE JUST HAS TO PLUG SOMEBODY! - HE'LL BE SHOOTIN ONE OF US YET! - GUNS GO OFF TOO QUICK! - THAT'S WHY I USE A KNIFE! - Y'GOT MORE TIME TO THINK OVER WHAT YER DOIN'!



MORGAN SWORE HE WOULDN'T FILCH US ANOTHER DIME OF HIS STOCKHOLDER'S MONEY, SO I LET HIM HAVE IT!!

YAA-A!-WHERE'S YOUR BRAINS, IF ANY!-MORGAN WOULD HAVE HAD TO DO AS WE ASKED!-WE GOT TOO MUCH ON HIM!-WHY, HE'S BEEN DEALIN' WITH US FOR YEARS! YOU DID HIM A FAVOR BY KILLIN' HIM!

JUST LISTEN TO THAT!-WHITNEY MORGAN IN CAHOOTS WITH THESE MOB-STERS!-WHAT A STORY BELLE WILL MAKE OF THIS!!



AT THAT MOMENT AT THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS OF A SMALL COASTAL TOWN-

HERE!-THE PICTURES!-DEVELOPED!-NOW WILL YOU BELIEVE ME?



IT IS MORGAN!-WHY-IT'S-IT'S-AMAZING!!

YOU SAID IT!-NOW WILL YOU SEND A POLICE BOAT UP THERE?



IF WE ARRIVE AT MORGAN'S AND FIND THIS TO BE A TRICK, IT WILL GO HARD WITH YOU, MISS WAYNE!



DON'T WORRY!-SAY, IS THIS AS FAST AS THIS TUB WILL GO?

-AND BACK AT THE MORGAN ESTATE, THE GANGSTER'S ARGUMENTS WAX HOTTER!!

SO I KILLED OLD MORGAN!!-SO WHAT!-IF YOU DON'T BUTTON YOUR LIP, YOU'LL GET THE SAME!!



WHY-YOU LITTLE-!!!

BOSS! LOOK!

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!



# THE OWL

WITHOUT FURTHER WORDS, THE OWL SWOOPS FOR HIS PREY!!



ALAY-OOP!

-LAST ONE UP IS AN OLD MAID!!



DON'T RUN AWAY, BOYS!!  
-THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF CHANDELIER ROOM!!



HSS-SST!! -SOMEONE COMING! -IT'S TIME I MOVED ALONG!!



IS EVERYONE ACCOUNTED FOR?  
- YOU BOYS LOOK LIKE CHICKENS GONE TO ROOST!!



LOOK! ON TOP THE CHANDELIER!



-WELL, FER-



OH! -TERR-ER, I MEAN, WHO-EVER DID THIS LEFT US A NOTE!!



THE Owl APPEARS MONTHLY IN CRACKAJACK





REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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HAS TWENTY-FIVE ONE  
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WHITMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
North Road Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  
Before OCTOBER 1st**

The twenty-five boys and girls sending in the neatest correct answers will each receive one dollar. Winners will be announced as soon as possible following the close of the contest.



1. CUB EDITOR
2. WRITER COPY
3. FEATURE BOY
4. REPORTER LAYOUT
5. RE-WRITE ARTIST
6. PHOTOGRAPHER CITY
7. STAFF MAN

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

4. \_\_\_\_\_

5. \_\_\_\_\_

6. \_\_\_\_\_

7. \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET and NO. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

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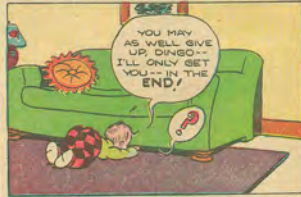
# DAVEY and DINGO

by... DON BLACK  
& JOE BERGER

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# DAVEY AND DINGO

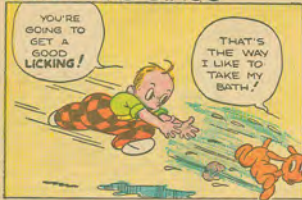




# DAVEY AND DINGO



# DAVEY AND DINGO



**DER  
TER**  
SHIMING  
S-FLORE  
UNDER  
WATER  
CLEAR  
VIEW

# LOOK FOR LOST COINS, ETC. SCARE FRIENDS! SWIMMING GOGGLES

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